

Jupiter Aerie Edited

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Summary: A very angsty DoC fic. Ivan can't escape the attacks of his own mind.

***Chapter 1*: Jupiter Aerie Edited**

Jupiter Aerie (Edited)

By Pyro1588

A/N: Don't ask. Just read. And don't email me asking for the "unedited" version. This was written because of circumstances, sat dormant for three months, and now is being posted because of circumstances.

It was only a few days after Alchemy had been unleashed. Everyone was relieved. Weyard was safe.

Right now, the whole team was having a minor party in Vault. Isaac, Garet, Jenna, Mia, and Felix were all sitting at a table, playing cards.

Ivan, Sheba, and Piers were sitting at a table, discussing their backgrounds and homes. Piers was describing some of the more beautiful areas of Lemuria when Ivan twitched.

Piers didn't notice the small wince on Ivan's face, but Sheba did. She immediately read his mind, but he was too quick and blocked her out.

She gave him an inquisitive look, but he just shook his head.

That night, Sheba snuck into the room where Ivan was sleeping. She walked up to his unconscious form. He was sound asleep.

Sheba closed her eyes and read his mind, being careful not to get sucked into his dreams. She knelt there by his bed,

eyes closed, for a good twenty seconds.

She opened her eyes and walked out of the room. His dreams were at least peaceful.

Over the next two days, Sheba noticed Ivan twitching more and more. Sometimes he would bow his head and rub his eyes. Other times he would just twitch a little and continue a conversation without interruption.

Sheba began to worry about him more and more. Every time she tried to read his mind, he would just block her out.

Four days after the first incident, she walked up to Ivan.
"Ivan, will you go on a walk with me?"

He hesitated, and then nodded.

Forty minutes later, they were wandering in the forest between Vault and Lunpa.

Sheba stopped walking. Ivan stopped as well and faced her, not sure why she had stopped.

She took a deep breath. "Ivan, I've noticed you twitching and wincing lately. Every time I try to read your mind, you block me out. What's wrong?"

Ivan turned away, not sure whether he should answer or not. Finally, he turned and faced her.

"I don't know what's wrong with me, but there's a voice inside my head. Not an audible one, but one that's in my thoughts. It hates me. It insults me, makes fun of me, and

tells me I'm worthless. I thought that I was just a little depressed and that it would pass, but it just persisted.

It's gotten worse. Now, instead of just a little inaudible voice, there are images. Not visions, but images, of me being killed. Stabbed, slashed, shot with arrows, and many other things. What's worse is that, in the images, the people attacking me are my friends. I'm punched, kicked, stabbed, frozen, and incinerated." He stopped.

Sheba was taken aback.

Ivan tried to reassure her. "It's not actually going to happen. They're only images. But I can't escape from them. Not through meditation, not through prayer, not even through injuring myself. They only get worse as the days pass."

Sheba stepped forward and embraced him. "Ivan, don't worry. It's never going to happen. You ARE valuable. We all love you. Isaac loves you. Garet loves you. I love you. We all care for you very deeply, and would never do that. Nor would we let anyone do that to you."

That night, Ivan felt comforted and reassured. It wasn't that he thought they didn't care; he just needed someone to actually say it.

In spite of Sheba's attempt to reassure him, the images only got worse. The voices were becoming more and more hateful. They would bring up mistakes that he had made and tell him that they were examples of how worthless he was.

They would show him times when Isaac had brushed him aside and try to convince him that Isaac didn't care. Ivan

wasn't convinced that Isaac didn't care. Still though, he was hurt.

He tried to drive them away by focusing on something. He learned to forge weapons. He made himself two shortswords that could be attached at the hilt to create a long staff-like weapon. He practiced with this day and night.

Not even combat practice helped. He mastered his new weapon, but was worse than ever.

One day, Ivan walked up to Sheba. "Sheba, will you go on a trip with me?"

She nodded. "Where to?"

"Jupiter Lighthouse. Piers said that we could use the ship."

By this time, everyone had noticed that something was wrong with Ivan. Piers decided that a getaway might help.

They reached Jupiter Lighthouse in a matter of hours.

Since the rising of the Golden Sun, the lighthouses had filled with many more creatures, most of which were very powerful. But Ivan and Sheba were both experienced fighters.

They walked into the lighthouse and were immediately confronted by two harpies.

Ivan drew his swords and snapped them together. The harpies never saw him coming.

He leapt forward, spinning his sword-staff around himself, cutting through each of the bird-like creatures numerous times.

He landed on the ground at the same time their bodies hit.

Ivan beckoned to Sheba. They continued to climb the lighthouse.

An hour of climbing and fighting brought them to the aerie.

As they stepped out onto the aerie, fifteen different creatures flew towards them at once.

Ivan jumped out and began to spin his staff. He did a rapid series of cutting, jumping, and kicking. Eight seconds later, every creature was dead.

He threw all the bodies off the edge, then stood and stared at the beacon. Sheba walked up to him and placed her arm on his shoulders. He returned the embrace.

"It's so beautiful, isn't it?" Sheba asked him.

"Yes, it is. I love this light."

Two minutes later, Ivan turned to face her. "Sheba, there's a reason that I came here. The first reason is that I love you. You have always cared about me."

He leaned over and exchanged a single kiss with her. "Ivan, I love you too."

"What's the second reason?"

"You said that the beacon is beautiful. I agree with you. But I can no longer enjoy its beauty. The voices are attacking me constantly now. And that's why I'm so thankful that you came here with me."

He unstrapped his two sword sheathes and handed them to Sheba. "I want you to have this. Thank you for caring for me. Remember me."

With that, he turned around and ran for the edge. Sheba ran after him. "Ivan! NO!"

He jumped with all his might, soaring clear of the edge. The last she saw was him falling through the air, arms spread, straight towards the river near the base of the lighthouse.

They never found his body. It had been washed downstream into a small cave.

Sheba mourned his death for months. One day, though, she walked over to her wardrobe and opened it. She took out the two swords that were all she had of his.

She strapped the swords on, then drew them. They were light and well made. Just like everything Ivan did. Thorough and of the best quality.

She snapped them together at the hilt, forming a staff. She began to spin it around, learning how to use it.

"Ivan, thank you for leaving me this. I'll wield it well. Goodbye." With that, she began to practice.

A/N: Depressing, eh? And a really stupid ending. As I said, this was written due to circumstances. Don't try to read too

much into it. If you do, I'll hunt you down. Review if you feel like it.

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<http://www.weyard.cjb.net/>

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